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THE DYING PILLOW

The Last Days of Infidels and Christians Contrasted

TWELFTH EDITION, REVISED

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ONE PENNY

PREFATORY NOTE.

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THE DYING PILLOW.

'I PERCEIVE that in a dying hour an interest in Christ is worth more than ten thousand worlds.' Thus wrote Colonel BLACKADER at the close of a long and honourable career.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked is never in this world so manifest as in the hour of death. The sinner who has lived without Christ finds no sweet peace to cheer his dying moments, and has no soul-sustaining prospect of an eternity of joy. This peace and this prospect the believer has. He is going home to his Father; and the light of heaven brightens the pathway through the dark valley. He enjoys the calm serenity of peace with God and with men. It is but a falling asleep, a

Going Home.

'Almost well, and nearly at home,' said the dying BAXTER, when asked by a friend how he was. A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered, 'Never better; for I know now that I am almost at home.' Then, looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burned, he said, 'Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father's house.' 'Dying,' said SAMUEL MEDLEY, 'is sweet work—sweet work; home, home!' Another, on his death-bed, said, 'I am going home as

fast as I can ; and I bless God that *I have a good home to go to.*'

What a black contrast to this holy peace and joy is manifest in the sad utterance of THOMAS CARLYLE in his old age : 'You will think me far gone, and much bankrupt in hope and heart, and indeed I am ; as good as without hope and without fear ; a gloomily serious, silent, and sad old man, gazing into the final chasm of things, in mute dialogue with Death, Judgment, and Eternity.'

The beautiful burying-ground at Bonchurch contains the dust of JOHN STERLING, who from his death-bed thus wrote to his friend Carlyle : 'I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty indeed I have none. If I can lend a hand THERE, that shall not be wanting.'

Thus a cold philosophy sees nothing before it but a 'final chasm' full of 'great darkness.' Similarly, EDWARD GIBBON (born 1737 ; died 1794) observed, just before his death, that 'when he considered all worldly things, they were fleeting ; when he looked back, they had been fleeting ; and when he looked forward, *all was dark and doubtful.*'

It is not therefore surprising to find those who are dying without Christ wishing they had never been born. What can be more pitiful than the lamentation in Lord Byron's stanza—

> Count all the joys thy hours have seen ;
> Count all thy days from anguish free ;
> Then know, whatever thou hast been,
> 'Twere something better not to be.

The learned and courted infidel, the 'brilliant Frenchman,' VOLTAIRE (born 1694; died 1778) has left us his view of life in the following words:—'In man there is more wretchedness than in all animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative; other animals have it not. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate, and the globe contains carcases rather than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture, to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself, and *I wish I had never been born.*'

This is what infidelity can do. Let us now see what the grace of God can do. When the good Mr. HALYBURTON was about to die, he said, 'I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be meet to praise Him for ever. What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in view of death itself! What a mercy that, having the use of my reason, I can declare His goodness to my soul! I bless His name; I have found Him, and die rejoicing in Him. *Blessed be God that ever I was born!*'

Mazarin's Farewell.

The last days of Cardinal MAZARIN (born 1602; died 1661) present a very sombre picture. He was for two months in a dying state. The story of his farewell to his pictures has been variously told. The best account is doubtless that of Barriére, in his Memoirs of the Comte de Brienne. He says, 'I was walking some days after in the new apartments of his palace. I recognised

the approach of the cardinal by the sound of his slippered feet, which he dragged one after the other as a man enfeebled by a mortal malady. I concealed myself behind the tapestry, and I heard him say, "*Il faut quitter tout cela !*" ("I must leave all that!") He stopped at every step, for he was very feeble, and, casting his eyes on each object that attracted him, he sighed forth, as from the bottom of his heart, "*Il faut quitter tout cela !* What pains I have taken to acquire these things! Can I leave them without regret? I shall never see them more where I am about to go."'

His last words are recorded to have been: 'O my poor soul! what must become of thee? Whither wilt thou go?' Then, turning to the queen-mother, he said, 'Madame, your favours have undone me. Were I to live again, I would be anything rather than a courtier.'

The Christian may also have his dying regrets; but in the sunlight of heaven he calmly takes his farewell of all below. The heavenly-minded JOHN JANEWAY, when in the arms of death, broke out in rapture:—'O, that I could but let you know what I now feel! O, that I could show you what I see! O, that I could express the thousandth part of that sweetness that I now find in Christ! O, my dear friends, we little think what Christ is worth upon a death-bed. I would not for a world be now without Christ and a pardon.'

'How sweet is Jesus! Death, do thy worst! Death hath lost its terribleness. Death! it is nothing. I say, death is nothing, through grace, to me. I long to be with Christ.'—'O that glory, the unspeakable glory, that I behold! My heart is full. Christ smiles, and I cannot choose but smile.'

'Who am I, Lord, who am I, that Thou shouldst be

mindful of me? Why me, Lord, why me, and pass by thousands, and look upon such a wretch as I? What shall I say unto Thee, O Thou Preserver of men? O, why me, Lord, why me? Blessed, and for ever blessed be free grace! How is it, Lord, that Thou shouldst manifest Thyself unto me, and not unto others? "Even so, Father, because it seemeth good in Thy eyes." Thou wilt have mercy because Thou wilt have mercy. And if Thou wilt look upon such a poor worm, who can hinder? Who would not love Thee, O blessed Father? O, how sweet and gracious hast Thou been unto me! O, that He should have me in thoughts of love before the foundation of the world!'

'And what's the matter now, O my soul? What! wilt thou, canst thou, thus unworthily slight this admirable and astonishing condescension of God to thee? Seems it a small matter that the great Jehovah should deal thus familiarly with His worm? and wilt thou pass this over as a common mercy? What meanest thou, O my soul, that thou dost not constantly adore and praise this rare, strong, and unspeakable love? Is it true, O my soul? Doth God deal familiarly with man? and are His humble, zealous, and constant love, praise, and service too good for God? Why art thou not, O my soul, swallowed up every moment with this free, unparalleled, everlasting love?'

'Stand astonished, ye heavens, and wonder, O ye angels, at this infinite grace! Was ever any under heaven more beholden to free grace than I? Doth God use to do thus with His creatures? Admire Him for ever and ever, O ye redeemed ones! O, those joys, the taste of which I have! the everlasting joys which are at His right hand for evermore! Eternity! eternity itself is too short to praise this God in. O bless the Lord with

me; come, let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation. O, help me to praise the Lord; for His mercy endureth for ever!'

'O, He is come! O, how sweet, how glorious is the blessed Jesus! How shall I do to speak a thousandth part of His praises? O, for words to set out a little of that excellency! But it is inexpressible. O, how excellent, glorious, and lovely is the precious Jesus! He is sweet; He is altogether lovely. And now I am sick of love. He hath ravished my soul with beauty. I shall die sick of love.'

'O my friends, stand by and wonder. Come, look upon a dying man. I cannot myself but stand and wonder. Was there ever a greater kindness? Were there ever more sensible manifestations of rich grace? Why me, Lord, why me? Sure this is akin to heaven; and if I were never to enjoy more than this, it were well worth all the torments that men and devils could invent, to come through even a hell, to have such transcendent joys as these. *If this be dying, dying is sweet.* Let no true Christians ever be afraid of dying. O, death is sweet to me. This bed is soft. Christ's arms and kisses, sure they would turn hell into heaven. O, that you did but see and feel what I do! Come, and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O Sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful, poor, sorry things, compared with one glimpse of this glory which shines so strongly into my soul. Why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad? This, this is the hour that I have waited for!'

'Come, help me with praises, all that's little: come, help me, O ye glorious and mighty angels, who are so well skilled in this heavenly work of praise! Hallelujah!

hallelujah! hallelujah! Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever. Bring the Bible; turn to David's Psalms, and let us sing a psalm of praise. Come, let us lift up our voices in the praise of the Most High; I with you as long as my breath doth last; and when I have none, I shall do it better.'

Mr. JOHN HOLLAND, when dying, exclaimed, '*Now, farewell, world! welcome, heaven!* The day-star from on high hath visited my heart; O, speak it when I am gone, and preach it at my funeral! God dwelleth familiarly with man. I feel His mercy; I see His majesty; whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth; but I see things that are unutterable.'

THOMAS HALYBURTON, who died in 1712, in his thirty-eighth year, had been favoured to live very near the Lord. Only a selection from his dying utterances can be given:—

'Shortly I shall get another sight of God than ever I have had, and be more meet to praise Him than ever. O, the thoughts of an incarnate God are sweet and ravishing! And O! how do I wonder at myself, that I do not love Him more, that I do not admire Him more! O that I could honour Him! What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily trouble, and in view of approaching death! O, what a mercy that I have the use of my reason, till I have declared His goodness to me!'

'I have nothing to do with my life, but yet to husband it, that I may lay it out for my God. What had I been if the grace of God had not been revealed in the gospel?'

'Doctor, it is a great bravery to face death on a sick-

bed. The heathens of old, whenever they turned impatient, ran away to kill themselves, and made an end of themselves, they could not endure it. Is it not more courage, and a nobler spirit, that the Lord allows even the weak, the timorous, the faintish, a power whereby they can lie under sickness and pain, and brave the stoutest enemy, by a patience of spirit?'

'There is a sweet composure on my spirit. The beams of the house are, as it were, cracking. I am laying down my tabernacle, to build again. O, to get grace to be faithful to the death! for after we have gone through many things, yet we have need still to wait on God till the last; for it is he that endures to the end shall be saved. Am not I a man wonderfully upheld by God under affliction and death?'

'O, let us exalt His Name together! O, glory dwells in Immanuel's land! I long for the fragrancy of the spiced wine. I am sick of love.'—'Glory, glory to Him! O, what of God I see! I never saw anything like it. The beginning and end of religion are wonderfully sweet.'

After prayer, he said, 'Christ is exalted; death is not terrible; death is unstinged; the curse of the fiery law is done away. I long for His salvation. I bless His Name I have found Him. I am taken up in blessing Him. I am dying rejoicing in the Lord. Well, I long to be in the promised land.'

'Farewell, sun, moon, and stars,' said Professor KIDD, which have guided my wanderings in this valley of tears: to you I acknowledge much assistance in all my attainments. Farewell, thou atmosphere, with thy clouds, and thy rains, and thy dews, thy hail and thy snow, and different breezes, which have contributed so much to my

life and comfort. Farewell, ye earth and sea, which have borne me from place to place, where Providence has ordered my lot, and with your productions have supported my bodily wants so often and so long. Ye summers and winters, adieu! Farewell, my native country, and every place where I have had my abode I bid adieu to my library, and to my Bible, which has been my companion from my earliest days. I leave the volume, but I carry with me, as the ground of my sure hope, the contents found in Psalm lxxiii. 23, 28; John xiv. 3; Psalm cxxxviii. 7, 8; and Psalm xxiii. These I take before God, as my dying support and comfort. Farewell, time!—Welcome, eternity! Farewell, earth!—Welcome, heaven! Amen and amen.'

It is not given to all the Lord's people to die thus triumphantly. All do not have the same degree of

Light in the Valley

of the shadow of death. But such instances show us the value and power of God's grace in the heart; and where this is wanting, the valley is dark indeed. No wonder, therefore, that those who are without the support of grace dread to die. Thus THOMAS HOBBES (born 1588; died 1679) could not bear any mention of death, and seemed to wish to shake off all thought of it, although he lived to be upwards of ninety. As, however, he drew near the grave, his philosophic fortitude gave way, and he confessed 'he was about to take a leap in the dark.' His last intelligible words were: 'I shall be glad, then, to find a hole to creep out of the world at.'

So also FRANCOIS RABELAIS (died 1553) sent, as his dying message to Cardinal du Bellay, the words: '*Je m'en vay chercher un grand peut-estre*'—'I am just going

to look for a grand may-be. Let down the curtain; the farce is done.'

No man clung to life with greater eagerness than our GEORGE IV., or was more unwilling to hear from those about him any hint or suspicion of his decay. On the morning of June 26th, 1830, he awoke in great agitation, and called for assistance. Sir Wathen Waller, who was in attendance, came to his bedside, and at his request helped to raise him from his bed. He then exclaimed, 'Watty, what is this? It is death! They have deceived me!' and in that situation expired.

CHARLES IX., of France, the author of the Bartholomew massacre, was seized with remorse from the hour it began, and never recovered. The dreadful apparition of that wholesale murder ever afterwards haunted his imagination; and his agony of mind caused the blood to burst from his pores, and bathe his body with its crimson streams. According to Pierre d'L'Etoile, he earnestly besought his physicians to afford him relief; 'for,' he said, 'I am cruelly and horribly tormented.' They replied that they had exhausted their art, and 'that God was the only sovereign physician in such a complaint.' His nurse, to whom he was much attached, and who was a Huguenot, hearing him sighing, weeping, and bitterly groaning, approached his bed; when, bewailing his sad condition, he exclaimed, 'Ah! my dear nurse, my beloved woman, what blood! what murders! Ah! I have followed wicked advice! O my God! pardon me, and be merciful! I know not where I am, they have made me so perplexed and agitated. How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost for ever! I know it!' He died May 30th, 1574, in his twenty-fourth year.

We are here reminded of the remarkable expression of Aristotle, who, writing of death, calls him 'that terrible of terribles.' Louis XI. of France, in his declining years, strictly forbade his servants even to name 'that bitter word *Death*' in his ears. The 'king of terrors' has been a terror to many kings.

There is no doubt that in these and similar cases the conscience realizes a foretaste of the 'wrath to come.' And equally surely the dying believer is favoured with

Foretastes of Heaven.

The immortal Toplady, author of 'Rock of Ages,' a day or two before he died, said, 'I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant that He leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise. Nevertheless, I do not forget that I am still in the body, and liable to all those distressing fears which are incident to human nature when under temptation, and without any sensible divine support. But so long as the presence of God continues with me as I now enjoy it, I cannot but think that such a desponding frame is impossible.'

At another time—'O, what a day of sunshine has this been to me! I have not words to express it; it is unutterable. O my friends, how good is God! Almost without interruption, His presence has been with me. What a great thing it is to rejoice in death!'—'I find, as the bottles of heaven empty, they are filled again.'

Awaking from a slumber just before the end, he exclaimed, 'O, what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?'—A little later, he

blessed God for preserving to him his intellect; adding, 'but for what is most of all, His abiding presence in my soul. The sky is clear: *there is no cloud.* Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'—Within the last hour, he said, 'It will not be long before God takes me, for no mortal man

JOSEPH SWAIN.

can live,' bursting, as he spoke, into tears of joy, 'after the glories which God has manifested to my soul.'

JOSEPH SWAIN, of Walworth (died April 14th, 1796, aged 35), the writer of many well-known hymns, was signally owned by his Master in his work, and sweetly favoured in death. He exclaimed, 'O, my dear

Redeemer! am I coming to thee so soon? Is my work done? It is just fourteen years since I first knew Thee, Lord! If it were Thy will, I should rejoice to labour a little longer with the dear people; yet not my will, but Thine, be done!'

He then took his wife by the hand, and prayed very fervently for her and for their dear children; also for his church at Walworth, and for his hearers at Devonshire Square. After conversing on temporal concerns, he said, 'I am not afraid to die. I have not the shadow of a doubt. I know that I shall receive my crown. Yet I should be glad to be engaged in my Lord's work a little longer, if it were His will.'

He then exhorted those around him to aim at living near to God, and to wrestle with Him in prayer for the fulfilment of His gracious promises.

He was gently dismissed, after fourteen days' illness, from his loved labour, and departed to enjoy the sweet fulness of that felicity he panted for here below. His sweet hymns have often been the means of giving a foretaste of it to weary pilgrims; and they with him will eternally unite in singing 'to Him who loved them, and washed them from their sins in His own blood. To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.'

THOMAS SCOTT, the friend of John Newton, said, 'This is heaven begun. I have done with darkness for ever. Satan is vanquished. Nothing now remains but salvation with eternal glory.'

SAMUEL WALKER, of Truro, when his dissolution drew near, broke out, 'Heaven has in a manner been opened to me. I shall soon be there.' The next day he said to a friend, 'O my friend, had I the strength to speak,

I could tell you such news as would rejoice your very soul. I have had such views of heaven. But I am not able to say more.'

JAMES HERVEY, the Christian scholar, found grace a real support in death. He said, 'How thankful am I for death! It is the passage to the Lord and Giver of eternal life. O welcome, welcome death! Thou mayest well be reckoned amongst the treasures of the Christian. To live is Christ, but to die is gain.'

A friend remarking in the hearing of PHILIP JENKS, just before he died, 'How hard it is to die!' he replied, 'O no! no! easy dying! blessed dying! glorious dying!' Glancing up at the clock, he said, 'I have experienced more happiness in dying two hours this day, than in my whole life. It is worth a whole life to have such an end as this. I have long desired that I might glorify God in my death; but O! I never thought that such a poor worm as I could come to such a glorious death.'

When the godly DAVID BRAINERD was seized with his last illness, he said, 'O, the glorious time is now coming! I have longed to serve God perfectly: now God will gratify those desires.'—Later, he said to his children and servants, 'I am going into eternity; and it is sweet to me to think of eternity: the endlessness of it makes it sweet. But O! what shall I say to

The Eternity of the Wicked?

I cannot mention it, nor think of it: the thought of it is too dreadful.'

Ten days after this, he said, 'I am almost in eternity: I long to be there. My work is done. I have done

with all my friends. All the world is nothing to me. I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God with the holy angels. All my desire is to glorify God.'

Eternity! tremendous sound! It is this that makes dying so sweet—so terrible. When JOHN BUNYAN was on his death-bed, he said to his friends, 'Weep not for me, but for yourselves. I go to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will, through the mediation of His blessed Son, receive me, though a sinner, where I hope we ere long shall meet to sing the new song, and remain everlastingly happy, world without end. Christ is the desire of all nations, the joy of angels, and the delight of the Father; what solace then must the soul be filled with that has the possession of Him to all eternity!'

The Chartist lecturer, W. M. MOORE, on his death-bed, in Tewkesbury workhouse, made a solemn declaration signed with his own hand, of his renunciation of all his infidel principles. He thus addressed his former associates:—'I assure you that if you die as you are, five minutes' suffering under the vengeance of an angry God will take away all your infidelity. Take warning; and may the Lord have mercy on your souls.—WILLIAM MORRIS MOORE, Tewkesbury Union Workhouse, July 7, 1841.'

Unspeakably dreadful was the end of VOLTAIRE. Barruel wrote of it thus:—'It was during his last visit to Paris, when his triumph was complete, and he had even feared he should die with glory, amidst the acclamations of an infatuated theatre, that he was struck by the hand of God. In the midst of his triumphs a violent hæmorrhage raised apprehensions for his life. D'Alembert, Diderot, and Marmontel hastened to support his

resolution in his last moments, but were witnesses to their mutual ignominy, as well as to his own. Here let not the historian fear exaggeration. Rage, remorse, reproach, and blasphemy all accompany and characterize the long agony of the dying atheist. His death, the most terrible that is recorded to have ever stricken an impious man, will not be denied by his companions in impiety.'

D'Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others who visited him, he cursed, exclaiming, 'Retire! it is you who have brought me to my present state. Begone! I could have done without you all, but you could not exist without me; and what a wretched glory have you procured me!' They could hear him alternately supplicating and blaspheming that God whom he had hated in his life. Then in plaintive accents he cried, 'O Christ! O Jesus Christ!' immediately complaining that he was abandoned of God and man.

At one time he was seen with a prayer-book in his hand, endeavouring thus to call on God. He had fallen from his bed in convulsive agonies, and lay foaming with impotent despair upon the floor, exclaiming, 'Will not that God whom I have denied save me too? Cannot infinite mercy extend to me?'

Richelieu fled from the bedside of the dying man, declaring his death-agony too terrible to witness. His physician, M. Tronchin, had also to retire, unable to witness such intense suffering. He found Voltaire in the greatest agony, crying out, with the utmost horror, 'I am abandoned by God and man.' The dying man then said, 'Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months' life.' 'Sir,' was the reply, 'you cannot live six weeks.' 'Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me.'

FREDERICK II. of Prussia was one of Voltaire's disciples. Zimmerman tells us that he died in a continued disbelief of revelation, and of the immortality of the soul. To leave no doubt as to his opinions, he made an order in his will for his body to be interred in his garden, near the remains of his favourite dog.

DIDEROT (born 1713; died 1784) was an associate of Voltaire. He wished to die with all due 'stupidity,' that is, with apparent unconcern. He once quotes from Montaigne: 'I plunge stupidly, head-foremost into this dumb deep, which swallows me and chokes me in a moment, full of insipidity and indolence. Death, which is but a quarter of an hour's suffering, without consequence and without injury, does not require peculiar precepts.' Just before he died, he was leaning on his elbow, having eaten an apricot, and answered his wife's remonstrances with: 'How can that hurt me?' (*'Mais que diable de mal veux-tu que cela me fasse?'*) She spoke again, but he could not reply.

MIRABEAU (born 1749; died 1791), one of the leaders of the French Revolution, after a profligate life, died the death of a deist. He asked his physician to let him have perfumes, flowers, and music, 'that I may enter sweetly,' he said, 'into that slumber from which there is no awaking.' Soon after, when the death-agony commenced, writhing in his terrible pain, he asked to be allowed to sleep. This failing, he begged of his attendants: 'Give me opium, so that I may not think of eternity and of what is to come! I have an age of strength, but not a moment of courage.' No sunshine from heaven was here; no calling on God; but conscious despair.

D'ALEMBERT was one of those who helped Voltaire

in the work of his Encyclopædia. This was the grand effort of infidelity, which was to '*crush the wretch*,' that is, destroy Christianity. Voltaire, in one of his letters, had written, 'I am weary of hearing people repeat that twelve men had been sufficient to establish Christianity; I will prove that one may suffice to destroy it.' When D'Alembert was dying, Condorcet had the door of the room securely fastened, to prevent the entrance of persons who would wish to speak to the dying man of religion. Condorcet boasted afterwards, referring to one who had appeared to waver, 'If I had not been there, *he* (D'Alembert) would also have flinched.'

Some, alas! are left to die, as they have lived, in a sad state of ignorance of even the plainest truths of the gospel. Thus TALMA, the French tragedian, during his dying moments, frequently called on the name of Voltaire, as if unconscious of the existence of a Higher Being. He exclaimed, in a pitiful tone, 'The worst of all is, I cannot see.'

'The *best* of all is,' said JOHN WESLEY, '*God is with us.*' The 'chief of sinners' though he felt himself to be, yet he could add, 'but Jesus died for me.' This is indeed light in the valley, the very light of an endless day.

In 1879 an honoured servant of God, FRANCIS COVELL, of Croydon, was called to his eternal rest. The last time I saw this favoured man of God, three weeks before his death, after referring to the death of his afflicted son, with his face beaming with holy joy, he said, 'And now God has answered all my requests, and I've nothing to live for, but to enjoy Him. I think of a morning, when I get up,—If the Lord were to come, and say to me, "Now, Covell, I have come!" I should reply, "Here I

am, Lord! Any minute, Lord!"—It isn't that I want to die to get out of trouble; not that; for I have every earthly comfort. But O, to see HIM! O, to be near Him! O, to be like Him! O, to get at Him! O, to bask in His smiles! O, to get at the fountain! O, to have a look from His eye, and a smile from His face! What's all below to this?'

Thus the dear man continued at some length. I wrote down his words at once, feeling persuaded that the vessel was in sight of shore, which in a few days proved to be the case. No words can convey any idea of the animation of Mr. Covell's manner as he uttered the above (to me) never-to-be-forgotten words; but those who knew him will readily recognise them as his.

'My dear brother,' said JOHN MACGOWAN, 'how rejoiced I am to see you! Sit down, and hear the loving-kindness of my God. You see me as ill as I can be in this world, and as well as I can be whilst in the body. Methinks I have as much of heaven as I can hold.'—'The work will soon be over. You see what you also must soon experience. But death to me has nothing terrific in it. I have not an anxious thought. The will of God, and my will, are one. 'Tis all right, but mysterious. You cannot conceive the pleasure I feel in this reflection,—that I have not shunned to declare, according to my light and ability, the whole counsel of God. I can die on the doctrines which I have preached. They are true; I find them so. Go on to preach the gospel of Christ, and mind not what the world may say of you.'

The advocates of error have not this pleasure as to the seeds of death and darkness they have sown during life. 'It is notorious,' wrote LA FONTAINE, 'that I have

published a book of infamous tales. In composing it I had no idea that the work would be so pernicious as it has proved. I wish it was in my power to wholly suppress it.'

'The only objection against this Book,' said WILMOT, laying his shrunken fingers upon the Bible, with mock solemnity, 'is—*a bad life.*'

Dr. OLIVER, of Bath, was a disbeliever until within a few days of his death. When near the end, he is said to have begged for God's free mercy and pardon. He said, 'O, that I could undo the mischief I have done! I was more ardent to poison people with the principles of irreligion and unbelief than almost any Christian can be to spread the doctrines of Christ.'

The death of the talented poet, OLIVER GOLDSMITH (born 1728 ; died 1774), furnishes us with a sad picture of what it is to

Die Without Hope.

His description of a country pastor, in his *Deserted Village,* is exceedingly beautiful; yet the writer's life presents no evidence that he knew anything of the power of God's grace. Concerning his last days, Forster, his biographer, thus writes :—'A week passed ; the symptoms so fluctuating in the course of it, and the evidence of active disease so manifestly declining, that even sanguine expectations of recovery would appear to have been at one time entertained. But Goldsmith could not sleep. His reason seemed clear; what he said was always perfectly sensible ; he was at times even cheerful ; *but* sleep had deserted him . . . It then occurred to Dr. Turton to put a very pregnant question to his patient. "Your pulse," he said, "is in greater disorder than it

should be from the degree of fever you have. Is your mind at ease?" "*No, it is not,*" was Goldsmith's melancholy answer. They are the last words we hear him utter.'

Sad as are such accounts as these, from authentic sources, our sadness is increased when we are told of poor dying men jesting in the presence of death. 'I was struck,' writes a lady, in a letter to a friend, given in Currie's Life of BURNS, 'with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was: "Well, madam, have you any commands for another world?"'

In the Memoir of DAVID HUME, by his friend Dr. Adam Smith, we are told at some length how the great writer diverted himself during his last days with reading, conversation, and whist. 'His facetiousness led him to indulge occasionally in jest and bagatelle.' Referring to a passage in Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, he remarked to Mr. Smith that he could not find therein a suitable excuse to make to Charon. He went on to invent several jocular excuses which he supposed he might make to Charon, and the surly answers he might expect to receive in return.

In D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* we are told that when FRANCIS DE MALHERBE (born 1556; died 1628), was dying, he reprimanded his nurse for making use of a solecism in her language; and when his confessor represented to him the felicities of a future state in low and trite expressions, the dying critic interrupted him, saying, 'Hold your tongue; your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them!'

JAMES QUINN (born 1693; died 1766), when he

found his last hour approaching, said, 'I could wish this last tragic scene was over; but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity.'

In recording the dying words of LORD NELSON (born 1758; died 1805) it is necessary to distinguish between the officer who could thank God he had done his duty, and the dying man who said he had not been a great sinner. Those taught of the Spirit of God are made willing to acknowledge what indeed they truly feel,—that they are great sinners needing free mercy. 'They have done for me at last,' said Nelson (Southey's *Life*), when he was shot. 'One would like to live a little longer, too! What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation?'—'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy.'—'Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty.' Then Nelson said to his chaplain, '*Doctor, I have not been a great sinner.*'

The well-known words of Nelson may remind some of the words of the unhappy LOUIS XV., one of the most licentious monarchs who ever sat upon the throne of France. His career of vice hastened his death. Causing his companions to be summoned to his bedside, he said, 'May God grant that my disorder may not be dangerous; however, it may become so, if it is as yet harmless; and I would fain die as a believer, and not as an infidel. I have been a great sinner, doubtless; but I have ever observed Lent with a most scrupulous exactitude. I have caused more than a hundred thousand masses (these were good times for the priests) to be said for the repose of unhappy souls. I have respected the clergy, and punished the authors of all impious works. So that I flatter myself *I have not been a very bad Christian.*'

But in spite of this poor, wretched self-righteousness, he died in the greatest horror. There is no dying pillow so safe and so fragrant as the atonement and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Friend of sinners.

As a contrast to these dying sayings we may here give those of BARON DYKERN, who had been an infidel. He was fatally wounded in the battle of Bergen, 1759. To the minister who attended him, he said on the day before he died, 'I have no doubt, not even a remote one. It is just the same with me as if I had always believed and never doubted; so gracious is the Lord Jesus to me a sinner.'—'O Almighty God! I am a poor accursed sinner, worthy of damnation. But, Lord Jesus, Eternal Son of God, Thou didst die for my sins also. It is through Thee alone I can be saved. O, give me faith, and strengthen it when given!' To many who visited him he spoke freely and fully of Jesus, of the grace of the Father in him, and of the power of the Holy Ghost through him; wondering without ceasing at his having found Jesus, and at the happy change which had come upon him.

'The damps of death,' once said Dr. Chalmers, 'do not more effectually chill the body than the doubts of infidelity chill the soul.' Death is a terrible awakening. John Knox relates the last confession of THOMAS SCOTT, a privy councillor to James V. of Scotland, and a violent enemy to the Reformation. When the priests tried to comfort his mind, he said, 'Till now, I never believed there was God or devil, heaven or hell. I acted only as a politician, to get money; and for that purpose I joined the bishop's side. All your masses can do me no good.' He died the same night, without any sign of repentance, and full of remorse and horror.

Bishop GARDINER, that monster of hellish and Roman cruelty, on the day of the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer, would not dine until he had received news of their death. The heavy wrath of God seized him as he sat at meat, and he felt the first symptoms of a mortal disease. As his illness increased, the sufferings of his mind exceeded those of his body. He frequently exclaimed, 'I have sinned like Peter, but I have not wept like him.' As his end approached, he spoke little besides filthiness and blasphemy, and died with curses in his mouth, in terrible and inexpressible torments. What a different end from that of the triumphant martyrs he had condemned to death!

All readers of history know something about the Cato Street conspiracy of 1820. At the trial of the conspirators, one of them said, 'Till I received that infernal publication, Paine's *Age of Reason*, which Tidd gave me, I was very particular. . . . The principles which Brunt endeavoured to instil into my mind perverted my understanding. Brunt wished to throw down the pillars of Christianity altogether.'—When Tidd came upon the scaffold, on the morning of his execution, he said, laughingly, after pouring forth other shocking profanity, 'I am not afraid to go before either God or man.'—Thistlewood, the ringleader, when asked whether he repented of his crimes, exclaimed, 'No, no, not at all!' His last words were addressed to Tidd: 'We shall soon know the grand secret!'

The history of the French Revolution affords ample matter for reflection to those who would allow any power to infidels and their licentious and corrupting influences in our own land. Apart from their influence for evil over others, those who deny God are miserable alike in

life and in death. The end of the infamous ROBESPIERRE and his colleagues may be cited here. When surrounded by soldiers in the Hôtel de Ville, the wretched men, fearing the enraged populace, attempted suicide. Lebas shot himself dead with his pistol; the younger Robespierre leaped out of a window and broke his leg; his brother, the tyrant, inflicted a horrible wound on the lower jaw; and another stabbed himself repeatedly in the breast, without sufficient force to reach the heart. So afraid were these men to die or to live! But

Death will not be bribed.

HENRY BEAUFORT (born 1370; died 1447), Cardinal of Winchester, who procured the death of the Duke of Gloucester, in the reign of Henry VI., was soon after that dark deed struck with an incurable disease. Understanding from his physicians that he could not live long, he cried out, 'Fie! will not death be bribed? Will money do nothing? Must I die, who have such great riches? If the whole realm of England would save my life, I am able either by policy to procure it, or by riches to buy it.'

It must be evident to every reader that the principles of infidelity fail just at the hour when support is most needed. The 'awful chasm' is then indeed realized to the extreme. It must be equally evident that Christianity contains principles which are full of joy and peace, and which enable the believer to die in triumph. Dr. PAYSON, when dying, said: 'My God is in this room—I see Him: and O, how lovely is the sight! how glorious does He appear! worthy of ten thousand hearts, if I had so many to give.' At another time, when his body was racked by terrible suffering, and his cheeks pale and

sunken with disease, he exclaimed, like a warrior returning from the field of triumph: 'The battle's fought! the battle's fought! and the victory is *won!* the victory is won for ever! I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness, to all eternity! I lie here and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory, which God pours down upon me. And I know, I know that my happiness is but begun; I cannot doubt that it will last for ever! Were I master of the whole world, what could it do for me like this? Were all its wealth at my feet, and its inhabitants striving to make me happy, what could they do for me? Nothing! nothing! Now all this happiness I trace back to the religion I have preached, and to that time when that great change took place which I have often told you is necessary to salvation; and I now tell you again, that without this change you cannot, no, you cannot see the kingdom of God.'

Dr. Hope, a physician in London of large practice, was also a humble believer in the Lord Jesus. Among the maxims which he adopted in the regulation of his professional life were the following: 'Never to keep a patient longer than was absolutely necessary; never to receive a fee to which he was not fairly entitled; and *always to pray for his patients.*' When he came to die, he said, 'Christ is all in all to me.

There is no Darkness.

There will be no sun and moon *there,* for the Lamb will be the light thereof. Christ—angels—beautiful—delightful—I thank God.'

When President Edwards came to die, after saying

farewell to his relatives and friends, he whispered, 'Now, where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing Friend?' Then he fell asleep.

'I have no hope but that which inspired the dying malefactor. And now my work is done, I have nothing to do but to go to my Father.' These were the last words of the COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THOMAS CHARLES, of Bala, used these remarkable words:—'Charles is only a poor sinner, a poor unworthy sinner. I am in the Lord's hands, and He may do with me what He pleases. I have given myself to Him a thousand times.'

The noble SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, the faithful witness for God, when on his dying bed, and in sight of home, said: 'Mine eye shall see my Redeemer. He has pardoned, loved, and washed me, and given me joy unspeakable and full of glory. I feed on manna. Glory, glory, glory to my Creator and Redeemer for ever! Glory, glory shines in Immanuel's land! O, for a well-tuned harp! The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage. I bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel.'

The godly ROMAINE thus expressed himself at the close of his pilgrimage:—'I have lived to experience all I have written, and I bless God for it. I have the peace of God in my conscience, and the love of God in my heart; and that, you know, is sound experience.' His last words were: 'Holy, holy, holy, holy, blessed Jesus, to Thee be endless praise!'

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (born 1702; died 1751) died at

Lisbon. His last words were :—'I am full of confidence. There is a hope before me. I have fled, I still fly, for refuge to that hope. In Christ I trust. In Him I have strong consolation, and shall assuredly be accepted in the Beloved of my soul.'

When the coldness of death crept upon PHILIP MELANCHTHON (born 1497; died 1560), he asked for several portions of Scripture to be read to him. When this had been done, he was asked by his son-in-law if he would have anything else; and his reply was in these emphatic words: '*Aliud nihil—nisi cœlum.*'—'*Nothing else but heaven!*'

The last utterance of FRANCIS QUARLES (born 1592; died 1644), the writer of the *Emblems*, is thus recorded by Mr. Clissold :—'O sweet Saviour of the world, let Thy last words upon the cross be my last words in the world. Into Thy hands, Lord, I commend my spirit; and what I cannot utter with my mouth, accept from my heart and soul.'

'I shall be with Christ.'

It is but a short time since FARADAY, an eminent man of science, died. His fame as a philosopher had reached the confines of civilisation; and Royalty frequently sat at his feet. One day a distinguished scientist, calling on him, put this question, 'Have you conceived to yourself what will be your occupation in the next world?' Hesitating a while, Faraday answered, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.' And then he added, in his own words, 'I shall be with Christ, and that's enough'

'I know it will be well with me,' said JOHN FLAVEL (1691), who was suddenly called home while taking his supper.

'I am as happy as I can be on earth,' said WILLIAM GRIMSHAW, of Haworth (1763); 'and as

Sure of Heaven

as if I was in it.'—'I am quite exhausted, but I shall soon be at home, for ever with the Lord,—a poor miserable sinner redeemed by His blood.'

'COME THOU WITH US.'

WE seek a home where sin shall be no more—
Come thou with us!
No darkness gathers on that happy shore—
Come thou with us!
Poor weary one, with grief and sin opprest,
Come, seek with us that blissful land of rest,

Our Father cheers His pilgrims by the way—
Come thou with us!
His grace directs us when we go astray—
Come thou with us!
Soon shall we reach the happy land above,
And dwell for ever in his boundless love.

Yes, we shall meet where sorrow is unknown,
In that fair land;
And cast our crowns before His glorious throne,
A ransomed band:
There, in the sunlight of Immanuel's face,
We'll sing the everlasting song of grace!

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